

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 37 No. 8

August 15, 1968


Whole No. 431

## The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 11 Bootblack Detectives

By J. Edward Leithead

PRICE, 10 CENTS.



**HOW  
EVERY FAT PERSON  
MAY  
BECOME LEAN,  
WITHOUT  
MEDICINE, STARVATION, SUFFERING OR DISCOMFORT.**

THE RESULT OF  
**ONE MONTH'S ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.**

**BY CAPT. R. M. HAWTHORNE.**

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, NEW YORK  
1900.

DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 104

This month's reproduction is of the front cover of a 16 page pamphlet written by Edward S. Ellis under one of his pseudonyms, Capt. R. M. Hawthorne. The pamphlet is in five sections with an introduction. The Preliminary, as the introduction is styled, explains that the author has no scheme to make money from a medicine or remedy to cure obesity. Part I tells how and why the Banting reducing method proved ineffective in the author's case. Part II sets out the form of diet successfully used by the author for reducing.

(continued on next page)

## The Anatomy of Dime Novels

### No. 11 Bootblack Detectives

By J. Edward Leithead

Horatio Alger popularized many new types of boy heroes in his memorable juveniles, as well as giving the youth of the Nation the prescription for success in life—honesty and industry. His heroes were newsboys, telegraph messengers, book agents, store clerks, circus performers, bank runners, office boys, errand boys, bootblacks. Other writers of boys' books, all around the country, produced heroes of similar type in imitation of Alger's creations, in more or less quantity, but one of his most popular titles was "Tom, the Bootblack." I am not going to dwell on this particular boy hero—Ralph Gardner does it much better than I could in his super-fine book, "Horatio Alger, or, The American Hero Era"—but the publication of "Tom, the Bootblack" triggered an echo in juvenile story writers' circles that didn't fade out for many a day. And when the adventures of boy heroes who made good in the end by owning a shoe shine parlor became a bit commonplace, authors who had a flair for sleuth fiction (and some who hadn't), spiced their tales by giving their bootblacks mysteries to solve, either working independently or as "police specials".

Beadle publications took up this

trend in boy heroes, particularly in their Half-Dime Library, but, taken as a group, the writers for Beadle & Adams, mostly geared to produce Indian and Western stories, couldn't produce detective stories of much worth.

There were at least two exceptions. One was Edward L. Wheeler, famed for his "Deadwood Dick" novels. I have here a list of 33 novels in Beadle's Half-Dime Library about the Prince of the Road, Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Whoop-up, Corduroy Charlie, the Boy Bravo, the Sierra Sam and Rosebud Rob novels (but not the Denver Doll series, which was the work of another author) and a couple of Wheeler's detective yarns in the Half-Dime, Boss Bob, the King of Bootblacks and Tony Fox, the Ferret, or, Boss Bob's Big Job. These are probably among the earliest "bootblack detective" novels. Of course, Wheeler wrote more detective yarns along with his Deadwood Dicks and other Western tales, and did them well, but in this instance I'm looking for young bootblack operatives.

The Beadle author who next engages our attention in searching out the descendants of Alger's Tom, the Bootblack, is Jesse C. Cowdrick. He,

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Part III gives details of fat producing foods. Part IV is a plea for realistic dieting, as opposed to taking of medicines. Part V sets out the diet used by John Morrissey, when training for his fight with Heenan, mainly as a warning against fierce cures for fatness. Little or no input of liquid is a strong feature of Ellis' diet. The cartoon cover depicts the author at the start of the diet on 1 October 1880 and after the diet on 1 November 1880. The figures are a recognizable likeness of Edward S. Ellis and, as Ellis is known to have a flair for pen and ink drawing, it is probable that the cover was the work of the author himself. (Denis R. Rogers)

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**DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP**—Vol. 37, No. 8, Whole No. 431 — August 15, 1968  
Published monthly at 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Edited by Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas. Assistant Editor, Ralph F. Cummings, 161 Pleasant St., South Grafton, Mass. 01560. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. Ad Rates—9c per word, \$1.50 per column inch; \$3.25 per quarter page, \$4.50 per half page and \$7.50 per page. Ads should be submitted by the 15th of the month in order to assure publication in the following month's issue.

by the way, wrote all the Deadwood Dick, Jr. novels in Half-Dime, beginning with #443, Deadwood Dick, Jr., or, The Sign of the Crimson Crescent; he also authored the Denver Doll series—Denver Doll as Detective, Denver Doll's Device, Denver Doll's Partner, Denver Doll's Mine—published over the byline Edward L. Wheeler.

As you know, unlike his road agent father, Deadwood Dick, Jr. was a detective, and Cowdrick could write 'em about young Richard Bristol and his wife, Kodak Kate, one of the original husband-and-wife detective teams. I have a listing of 97 Deadwood Dick, Jr.s, the last one being #1018 of Beadle's Half-Dime, Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s Big Four, or, Cinnabar Jim of Cinnamoon Gap.

But Cowdrick had another detective who was his own invention, a far cry from the Wild West sleuth who refused to follow the example of his famous dad as a highwayman of the Black Hills. This other detective was Broadway Billy, and the first of the series about him was Beadle's Half-Dime #490, Broadway Bill, the Bootblack Bravo, or, Brought to Bay by a Bold Boy. #491 was Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s Compact, or, Prince Pistol, the King of the West, by Cowdrick, and from here on the two youthful detectives started a race for popularity. Billy not only held his own against the popular Deadwood Dick, Jr., but, in the era of color cover novels, when the Westerner was forgotten, the Broadway bootblack was re-born under another name and in a different locality, though still New York, as we shall see.

He appeared pretty regularly, attesting to reader interest—Cowdrick must have been busy with the two of them—in #514, Broadway Billy's Boogie, or, Clearing Up a Strange Case, #536, Broadway Billy's "Diffikilty," or, Old Rodman's Millions, #557, Broadway Billy's Death Racket, or, The Street Sleuth's Wake, #579, The Chimney Spy, or, Broadway Billy's Surprise Party, #605, William O' Broadway, or, The Boy Detective's Big Inning, #628, Broadway Billy's Dead Act, or, The League of Seven.

Unlike the Westerner, Richard Bristol (D. D. Jr.), Billy was a New York street gamin detective, at first in the bootblack business around Broadway of an earlier day (the day of Alger's Tom, the Bootblack), but later acquiring an office and two assistants, Happy Harry and Silent Seth. Billy's surname was Weston, and his activities were not always within the canyon walls of New York City. He was in 'Frisco in #669 and #675, Texas in #696, Santa Fe in #711, Denver in #753.

A startling case of murder occurs in #844, Broadway Billy's Big Bulge, or, Running In the Life Insurance Conspirators, from which I quote (two thunderstorms clash over New York City, lightning bolts strike, "live" electric wires are down everywhere, people blown flat on the sidewalk by the tempest, horses and vehicles in confusion):

"On this night, Detective William Weston—Broadway Billy—hero of a hundred adventures, was abroad and happened to be in that part of the city where the storm and havoc were the worst. He had been braving it all, homeward bound, till he discovered the cyclone almost upon him, when he sprang to the shelter of a deep doorway just in time to escape its embrace; but even there he had to cling closely in order not to be drawn out by the tugging wind.

"The cyclone having passed, the wind of the electrical storm seemed like a calm in comparison, and Billy looked out from his place of shelter upon a shocking scene of chaos . . . several horses down, a wagon or two upended, a number of men sprawled in the street, two or three of whom were dead beyond question . . . Billy noted a man with a beard coming up the street, walking almost leisurely in the rain and wind as if he were king of the elements. From walking he sprang suddenly into a run, leaving the sidewalk and darting out into the street.

"Naturally, Billy's eyes left him for a second to learn the latter's objective, and he glimpsed a young man carefully picking his way through the

street litter. Billy's first thought was that the two men were friends, and that the stranger of the beard was running to join the other, but he was speedily and terribly undeceived. The bearded man stooped suddenly, caught up one of the writhing hissing wires (he had on rubber gloves, it was later proven) and leaping forward, thrust the spark-tipped wire end against the back of the young man's head.

"Broadway Billy was struck with horror at the assassin act. The young fellow slumped to the ground, lifeless, while he of the beard started to run."

But Broadway Billy, though he gave immediate chase along the slippery street, didn't catch the murderer that night, for this was but the opening chapter of the novel. Billy stepped on a live wire and next found himself on a hospital cot. Nor was this the last of Broadway Billy's adventures in the Half-Dime Library.

Later, much later, Oct. 21, 1905, was issued the first number of Bowery Boy Library, with bright color cover, entitled, "Bowery Billy, the Street Vagabond, or, A Hero in Rags," under the imprint of the Winner Library Co., actually Street & Smith. It folded Sept. 14, 1907, running only 100 issues. Yet for my money, this last of the boy detective series was also the best. It changed its name to Bowery Boy Weekly with #91 and only 10 to go. A cast of characters at the beginning of each number had this to say about the hero of these stories:

"Bowery Billy, an adventurous street Arab, whose career in the midst of the whirlpools and slums of a great city brought him in daily contact with such a variety of mysteries and puzzles waiting to be solved, that he just naturally fell into the way of acting the part of a young sleuth, and took the keenest delight in mixing up with trouble, such as can always be found in the neighborhood of the once famous Bowery—a lad keen and shrewd as they make them, bold of heart and ready at all times to take chances for a friend."

Now, William O' Broadway pointed up his more emphatic remarks with

the expression, "Sweet pertaters!" and William O' the Bowery's favorite was "Green bananers!"; but, under the skin, they were the same boy. Billy Weston had his bootblack stand on Broadway and Billy Barlow's was on the Bowery, and the latter didn't go far afield in his detective adventures as Weston, no side trips to Texas, Santa Fe or Denver. In other words, most of Bowery Boy Library were stories re-titled and re-written from the Broadway Billy tales. Even in the matter of street slang and underworld argot there is some evidence of re-writing, for what was the latest jargon in the Gay Nineties and earlier, when the Broadway Billy stories were being published, differed some from what was current in 1905-1907. There's a hint here and there, in the titles, of the original stories; for example, Beadle's Half-Dime #490, Broadway Billy, the Bootblack Bravo has a resounding echo in Bowery Boy Library #32, Bowery Billy, the Bootblack Brave.

Just who did the necessary re-writing of course I'm not sure. But there is some new stuff even among the earliest issues (and plenty of new ones later on), which make me think William Wallace Cook may have been the writer. He was there and on one occasion at least, it is of record that he "rewrote 10 nickel weeklies" for Street & Smith, and may have done so oftener. As a sample of what I mean by new material, I don't know of any Broadway Billy story, or title even, that resembles #2 of the Bowery Boy Library — Bowery Billy's Chinese Puzzle, or, Holding Up the Pig Tails.

Furthermore, in his comprehensive article, "William Wallace Cook" (Dime Novel Roundup, Sept. 15, 1957), Stanley A. Pachon mentions that Cook wrote some Bowery Boys in 1906 and also that one of his pseudonyms was "John R. Conway" (partim)". All issues of Bowery Boy were by-lined "John R. Conway, Private Detective," and while covering Cook's identity, in this case it should be extended to include Jesse Cowdrick, well experienced in this type of yarn after his

long Deadwood Dick, Jr. and Broadway Billy series, John H. Whitson and W. Bert Foster.

In the Bowery Boy tales many new characters were introduced besides the criminal element. Billy Barlow made a firm friend of Mr. Myrick, headquarters detective—probably first meeting him in #21, Bowery Billy's Dingy Dory, or, The Mystery of Mr. Myrick—and Billy assisted the older sleuth in breaking many cases. As his services by the police became in greater demand, Billy left his bootblack business mostly to assistants, but didn't give it up altogether. The bootblack stand on the Bowery was a sort of command post from which the young sleuth operated against the underworld. It was a spot where shady characters passed and re-passed and even stopped at times to have a shoe shine and unwittingly supply Billy with a workable clue in some police case.

Billy made money from the detective profession as well as bootblackening, naturally, and although he never appeared in the color cover illustrations in any but his workaday clothes, we learn in the stories that he did own better garb for special occasions, such as dates with the young lady, Edith, who showed considerable interest in him. She wanted him, for one thing, to get a better education, and while Billy agreed with her it "wouldn't hurt," I don't think it was recorded that he followed her advice.

Every Street & Smith artist contributed cover illustrations to this weekly except, I think, F. A. Carter, who either hadn't joined up before Bowery Billy bowed out or was just beginning his long career with S. & S. Robert Emmett Owen did numerous covers, and many were the work of Marmaduke Russell, who was especially good at drawing attractive girls and women, and quite a lot of them figured in Billy's detective adventures. Charles L. Wrenn, who joined the S. & S. art staff in 1906, did some, and also Edward Johnson. There are good scenes of New York life, after the turn of the century, when hansom cabs, carriages and trolley were get-

ting a little competition from automobiles. A nice view of New York Harbor and the Statue of Liberty is on the wrapper of #88, Bowery Billy's 100 to 1 Shot, or, The Goddess of Liberty Puzzle—story by Foster, too.

Billy Barlow had many friends besides Mr. Myrick, the detective. One was the redheaded Thede Marston, a little older than Billy, who appeared frequently in the stories. Phil Erwin, a Westerner, was another. Boys of his own age, street Arabs, were often Billy's assistants in tracking criminals—Thistle Tom and Skilly and Sharpie and others. Billy didn't always stick to the Bowery but went everywhere in New York and vicinity, including the water front—#3, Bowery Billy, the Dock Rat, or, A Bootblack Among the River Pirates. He got into some pretty tight places, but battered or wriggled his way out. A boy of the Bowery would learn early to be handy with his fists. Sometimes Mr. Myrick or the police or both arrived in the nick of time.

Mrs. John H. Whitson, wife of the Street & Smith author, once wrote me that her husband had written the Bowery Boy Library from #76 thru #83. W. Bert Foster took them from there, #84, Bowery Billy's Decoration or, A Mystery of the French Quarter, to the not-far-off finish, #100. It was a run of 17 issues and, being the work of Foster, were some of the best of the series. Nor were these 17 the only ones he wrote and I quote here from an earlier issue, revealing Billy's detective instinct at work, making shrewd deductions; it's #55, Bowery Billy's Bag of Gold, or, Helping the Man from Butte. The story opens with Billy polishing the high-heeled boots of a man in a broad-brimmed black hat and frock coat, obviously a Westerner:

"I say, son, can you tell the difference between one of these city tin-horns and a man that's straight goods?"

"It ain't so hard ter do dat, mister."

"Perhaps not, for you. When I'm at home, I can pick out a fellow that's crooked as far off as I can see him.

But it's different here. I'm far wide of my trail in a town of this size. Now, there's a chap on the corner, over there, that I want you to size up on the quiet. Sabe? Just take his measure while you're at work; and when you're done with that riding-boot, tell me what you think of him."

"Green bananers!" exclaimed Billy of the Bowery, for his customer's odd request had aroused his surprise and curiosity.

"Over on the corner near the boot-black stand was a man in a suit of blue serge. He was 35 or 40 years old, and had every outward appearance of respectability and considerable means."

But Billy figures him to be on the crooked side—too flashily dressed, too wary in manner, eyes darting restlessly here and there, as if watching that no cop approaches in handcuffing range—and the Westerner on the bootblack stand, who has been coming regularly to have his boots shined for a week, listens intently to the Bowery boy. He afterward displays a surprising knowledge of Billy's identity and Billy, in turn, surprises him.

"For instance," drawled the Westerner, "I know that you are Bowery Billy, the young bootblack detective; that you have done some clever work in the sleuth-line, and that you are often called in by the police to help 'em unravel a particularly hard tangle."

"And you're Colonel James Mulvaney, of Butte, Montana," returned Billy, "and you're stayin', at de present time, at a boardin'-house on One Hundred and Fift' Street."

"Well, by glory!" muttered the Westerner, deeply surprised. "How'd you ever figure that out? I haven't told you a thing about myself."

"Billy grinned. 'De information come my way and I grabbed it.'

"How did my name come your way?"

"Second time you was on dat chair," went on Billy, "you pulled a letter out o' yer pocket and started to read it. Der empty envelope fell down and laid in front o' me till yer got through. Dat was dead easy. Der envelope was

addressed ter Colonel James Mulvaney, at dat uptown place I was tellin' yer of."

"But you might have been shy, even at that. The letter might not have been for me."

"Ever' time I brushed dat lid o' your'n dem nickel-plated letters 'J. M.' stared me in der face off'n der sweat-band. Yer might have been readin' a letter dat didn't belong ter you, but it wasn't reasonable ter think yer was wearin' another feller's hat."

"You said I was from Butte. How did that blow your way?"

"Der strap o' one o' yer boots is marked wid de maker's name, and de place where he does business," answered Billy, with a sort of contempt for the ease with which his information had been acquired."

The following is from #94, Bowery Billy's Spanish Case, or, Exposing the Carlist Plotters, interesting not only as another example of Foster's work for this library, but for the reference to Ted Strong and his Rough Riders whom many a boy reader of that golden time of youth believed really existed out West at Moon Valley Ranch, S. D.:

"At night these Coney Island parks, with their countless colored lights, the gaily painted kiosks, the movement and coloring and life, all go to make up a picture easily imaged to be Oriental or fairylike. No Eastern city—not even far-famed Benares—could be more brilliant than the scenes at the greatest amusement resort in the world."

"Billy (Barlow) and Thede (Marston) wandered on with the crowd, passed other crowds sitting down, within hearing of the tinkle of falling waters and almost dazzled by all manner of tawdry display."

"... The 'big show' in the park was a Wild West entertainment, in which there were cowboys, cowgirls, an old-fashioned stagecoach and plenty of wiry-looking broncos."

One of the horses goes hog-wild and Phil Erwin, Bowery Billy's friend from the West, gives a fine exhibition of cowboy horsemanship. Some of the riders in the Wild West show com-

ment on it:

"I tell yuh what, fellers,' drawled a young cowhand who was rolling a cigarette and sitting sideways in his own saddle, 'yuh don't see such ridin' as that often.'

"That's right, yuh don't, Monty.'

"It would take Ted Strong or some of his rough riders to beat that, heh?" declared he of the cigarette. 'Hi, hi, yip! Hang ter him, pardner!'"

Numerous titles in the Bowery Boy Library reflected the tangy street slang of the day: #11, Bowery Billy in Luck, or, Move-Along Mac, the Mercer Street Moke, #19, Bowery Billy's Blind, or, Thistle, the Tompkins Street Trimmer, #31, Bowery Billy's Street Spy, or, Philip, the Pavement Pacer, #34, Bowery Billy on Broadway, or, Sandy, the Sidewalk Sifter, #62, Bowery Billy's Bravery, or, Chicot, the Chatham Square "Cherub," #63, Bowery Billy's Auto, or, Artie, the Avenue Agent, #91, Bowery Billy's "Go" With the "Plute," or, The Fortunes of Folly Farleigh ("plute" being the Bowery boy's version of plutocracy or rule by the wealthy).

These titles strike me as having particular drawing power, would make you part with your nickel to see what it was all about (#87, 95, 99 are by Foster): #24, Bowery Billy, the Subway Sleuth, or, The Boy Shadow Under the Streets, #30, Bowery Billy's Breakaway, or, The Crooks' Carnival, #68, Bowery Billy and the Panhandlers, or, Spotting the Fagin of Essex Street, #71, Bowery Billy's Crooked Trail, or, The Hermit of Old Greenwich Village, #80, Bowery Billy and the Missing May Queen, or, Bianca, the Belle of Little Italy, #87, Bowery Billy on the East-side Roofs, or, Trail-ing the Flying Man, #95, Bowery Billy on the Rialto, or, The "Rupert of Hentzau" Riddle, #99, Bowery Billy's Coney Island Jaunt, or, Trapping the Wizard of the Rollers (in the days when roller skating rinks were popular).

Ten numbers of Bowery Boy Library, with titles changed and all with new cover illustrations by Robert Emmett Owen, were reprinted in late issues of Brave and Bold, #394,

405, 407, 411, 413, 416, 419, 422, 425, 428.

And all this stemmed, I do believe, from Alger's Tom, the Bootblack.

The End

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## RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

The San Diego Union, Monday, June 24, 1968. DIME NOVELS ASSUME PLACE AS CLASSICS, by Joe Stone. A good article about subscriber Ray Mengar and his dime novel collection.

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Back numbers Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Roundup, Nos. 1 to 237, some reprints, 12 for \$1.00 or all for \$21. Sent postpaid. You also get Dime Novel Catalogue, Birthday No. 2, indexes, #1 Pioneer and Scouts of the West.

Can you beat it?

**Ralph F. Cummings**

161 Pleasant St.

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## FOR SALE

Liberty Boys, Work & Win, Tip Top, Secret Service, Pluck & Luck, Merriwell Series, Snaps, Medal Library, and others. Early and later issues. Send want list.

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## FOR SALE

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## WANTED

Secret Service Weeklies published by Frank Tousey.

Must be in good original condition.

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Floral Park, N. Y. 11001

## RAY MENGAR AND HIS DIME NOVEL COLLECTION

By Joe Stone

(Reprinted from the San Diego Union  
of June 24, 1968)

The wave of criticism which at present is washing over the popular fiction of the day has a familiar ring to Raymond A. Mengar of Point Loma.

Mengar believes some of the current criticism of fiction seen on television, in motion picture theaters and in bookstores and newsstands may be merited. He is shocked at some of the things to which his grandchildren are exposed.

But he never understood when similar criticism was aimed at the literature of his youth, the dime novel. He can review a valuable collection of more than 2,000 dime novels, carefully filed and preserved, and he still fails to understand why editorials were written and sermons preached against them.

The comic books of right now, in depicting violence, are likely to show a gaping wound and a great pool of blood, said Mengar. Dime novel illustrations depicted violence but never showed wounds or blood.

In current fiction, the voluptuous woman with flimsy garments nearly torn off is a common illustration. Women in dime novel illustrations were clothed, neck to ankles.

Mengar's conclusion, after decades of thinking about the heated criticism of the dime novel, is:

"I think some people believed they caused young boys to run away from home."

In the works of Horatio Alger, called by Encyclopedia Britannica the most popular author in the United States during the last 30 years of the 19th century, it was helpful for the hero to begin as a homeless waif.

Mengar, 62, retired from the vending machine business, began reading dime novels as soon as he learned to read. That was in Chicago when he was a child.

He was the kind of boy who accumulates and saves things, so his collection of the books begins with

the first ones he purchased. Some books he got by subscribing to a regular delivery service out of New York. Others came from buying and swapping at a neighborhood store.

Mengar was an adult when he learned that dime novel collecting had become a serious business, like stamp and coin collecting. He bought, sold and traded until he built his own collection from 1,000 to about 2,000. He finds it impossible to place a value on the collection.

"The value of a book is how much someone will pay for it," he said. "If I happen to have a book which would fill out a set being put together by another collector he might offer hundreds of dollars."

He has been offered \$5 and \$7 many times for some of his books. He does not sell.

Charles Bragin, Brooklyn, secretary of the Dime Novel Club, wrote in the Dime Novel Roundup, a monthly publication, of a sale of \$4,000 worth of dime novels at \$100 each.

The original price of the dime novel was, as often as not, a nickel. Men like Mengar become experts about every detail of their hobby.

Color illustration on the paper covers of the novels began at the turn of the century. Names of cover artists have been lost, but Mengar can point instantly to the fluid, lifelike work of some and the wooden, unnatural forms painted by others.

The Secret Service books which told the adventures of Old King Brady, detective, were written by Francis Worcester Doughty. He was the best of the dime novel writers. He kept maps of cities in which his hero, Old King Brady, had his adventures. Mengar recalls the satisfaction he felt when Old King Brady solved a case in Chicago and he knew all the streets referred to in the plot.

There were dime novels on every subject that could be fictionalized to interest youngsters. Mengar has one series called Fame and Fortune Weekly, Stories For Boys who Make Money.

Mengar has a collection of a series of titles called The Liberty Boys of

'76. The American Revolution was a favorite subject of dime novel publishers.

At least one Pulitzer Prize winner wrote dime novels. That was Upton Sinclair who, in 1897-98, wrote the Mark Mallory, West Point Cadet series for The Army and Navy Weekly, using the pen name Lt. Frederick Garrison.

The most famous dime novel fan and collector was probably Franklin D. Roosevelt. He liked the Deadwood Dick stories.

The creator of one of the greatest dime novel heroes, Frank Merriwell, died in Vista in 1945. He was Gilbert Patten, who wrote the Merriwell stories under the name Burt L. Standish. Interviewed by a fan who reported to Dime Novel Roundup, Patten once said, "Do you know I cannot understand why people read such drivel."

Patten, said Mengar, was an expert on sports.

"When he put Merriwell in a baseball game, he used the right terms and correctly described the way the game was played," said the collector. "Some writers who tried to imitate him didn't know games."

In the dime novel, hard work, honesty, decency, patriotism were virtues which always triumphed. Evil was vanquished, invariably.

Whenever the dime novel is defined it is usually called melodramatic or lurid, but never filthy or trashy.

These virtues have caused libraries to begin to gather dime novels as important additions to their collections of Americana.

Mengar has not decided what disposition he will make of his collection. The University of Minnesota library has asked for it.

## NEWS NOTE

Recent report sales of dime novels include:

\$100 for a complete set of Ivers Deadwood Dick Library; 64 issues.

\$100 for a complete set of Ivers Beadles Frontier Series; 100 issues.

\$250 for a complete set of Beadles Popular Library; 48 issues.

\$200 for a complete set of Young Glory Weekly, 19 issues.

\$5000 for 2500 Beadle Publications by the University of Illinois.

## FOR SALE

Pluck and Luck at \$1.50 each, Nos. 207, 346, 473, 140, 145, 232, 246, 255, 260, 271, 288, 318, 345, 363, 371, 407, 250, 199. Brave and Bold at \$1.00 each. Nos. 70, 77, 81, 183, 315, 344, 345, 104, 108, 123.

## WANTED

Snaps #36 and 59.

GEORGE SAHR

7001 31st Ave.

Kenosha, Wis. 53140

## WANTED

Golden Days Vols. 1 through 7, 9, 16 and 17. Single copies in long runs are also acceptable. Also interested in other boys' papers such as Chatterbox, St. Nicholas, Good News, Golden Argosy, old issues of Saturday Evening Post and other adult papers from 1870 to 1900. State price and condition. Algers also wanted.

ARTHUR N. CARTER

13B Falmouth St.

Attleboro, Mass. 02703

## MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

- 284. C. L. Messecar, Box 23128, Tigard, Oregon 97223 (Former Member)
- 170. Gerry de la Ree, 7 Birchwood Drive, Saddle River, N. J. 07458 (New ad.)
- 285. Walter Gosden, 197 Mayfair Avenue, Floral Park, N. Y. 11001 (New)
- 179. Arthur N. Carter, 13B Falmouth St., Attleboro, Mass. 02703 (New ad.)
- 60. Walter E. Brown, 109 Summer St., Cresson, Pa. 16630 (New address)
- 286. G. T. Tanselle, 410 W. Washington St., Lebanon, Indiana 46052 (New member)

## NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

You know something, no one seems to write about outside cover novels—has anyone have any in their collections? I have two in my comic book collections, and I just love them too, they are, Major Victory, Vol. 1, No. 1, about 1942 and Mutt & Jeff Comics, No. 7, 1943. I prize these two very much, but don't seem to have any in the novel line, which I am sure are very scarce.

Paul Birchard, 3207 Brookhill St., La Crescenta, Calif., 91214 says he got his August Roundup and saw my question about the Shadow. Besides the Shadow pulp magazines, he says, Street & Smith put out a Shadow Comics during the 1940's. Its format was usually like this: One or two Shadow Stories, a Nick Carter story, a Story of Nick Carter's "Inner Circle," which was a written feature with no illustrations, a "Flatty-Foote" story, Flatty was the assistant to a much publicized private detective, and Flatty really did all the crime busting, and once in a while they would publish a story about Bing Dalgren, a reporter for the "Times-News," a newspaper for which he trailed odd stories all over the world. They also included a Doc Savage story—has any one any Shadow, Doc Savage or Capt. Marvel material to sell? Yes, that would be fine, if you can write up an article on the early "Tom Swifts," Uncle Wiggily Stories, "Rover Boys," "Motor Boys" and others, also on the early comic books too. It will be wonderful to see such articles in the dear old Roundup.

Stanley A. Pachon, 520 E. 5th St., Bethlehem, Pa. 18015, is a great lover of the old time Alger stories, so if any one has any to part with, send him a list of what they have, and he'll do the rest—cash or trade, or both. He likes anything that H. Alger appeared in, pictures, letters and what not, anything.

Ralph P. Smith and Peter Scollo met at an auction this last fall out in

Bolton, Mass. They found a bunch of old novels there, that the auctioneers thought they had a gold mine, but they were in terrible condition, badly patched, trimmed, spines reinforced with glued newspaper or brown paper, all over the first column, making them of little value, such as mostly Beadles Dime and Half Dime Libraries, a couple of British Deadwood Dick and Buffalo Bill libraries and about a dozen Westbrook reprints, some Ivers, and Bragin reprints. Guess whoever owned this lot read them to death.

W. R. Johnson, 901 Barbour Ave., Norman, Okla. 73069, got a little chuckle when I read Bill's letter, that he falls asleep when he tries to read the evening newspaper—you're not the only one, as I think I've caught the disease too, for soon's I sit down at the end of the day for a little enjoyment of the newspaper or T.V. or Radio, I fall off to sleep. Shame on me. Bill says he has met Gerald McIntosh of Little Rock, Ark., but not W. E. McIntosh of Tulsa, Okla. J. P. Guinon was going to stop, to say howdy, but never made it. Bill collects old novels on Oklahoma and Nebraska, so if the members have anything in that line, list them to Bill. He says so far, he hasn't been able to collar many of his wants—guess the brothers would rather keep them than to sell. Can't blame them for that, I guess. Thelma E. Toewe advertised a collection in Roundup this last fall, but she did not answer Bill's letter, so he presumes she didn't have any of his wants. Bill and C. V. Clark got together for a little trading.

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H. J. Ryan

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